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OXFORD OBSERVER

Vol. IV.

NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1828.

No. 193.

MISCELLANY.

ISADORE.

In the church-yard of ****, there is a grave covered with a plain slab of white marble, with no other inscription than "Isadore d'Ercillo, aged nineteen." These few words speak histories to the heart; they tell of a beautiful flower withered, far from its accustomed soil, in the spring-day of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign country, remote from every early association, her last moments unsoothed by affectionate solicitude,—no tender voice, whose lightest sound breathed happy memories, no eye of fondness on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy—her very ashes separated from their native earth.

"Might I not fancy myself a hero of fiction?" said Colonel Fitzallan, bending gracefully as he caught the small snow white hand which had just arranged his sling; "Fair lady, henceforth I vow myself your true and loyal knight, and thus pledge my heart's first homage!" pressing the yielding fingers gently to his lips. Alas! I thought Isadore, while those eloquent interpreters of the feeling, a blush, sigh and smile, mingled together, he loves not passionately as I love, or he could not trifle thus; a light compliment was never yet breathed by love. Isadore was at that age when the deeper tenderness of woman first deepens the gaiety of childhood, like the richer tint that dyes the rose as it expands into summer loveliness. Adored by her father, for she had her mother's voice and look, and came a sweet remembrance of his youth's soul-warm dream of happiness, of that love whose joy departed ere it knew one cloud of care; or one sting of sorrow; a word of anger seemed to Don Ferdinand a sacrilege against the dead, and his own melancholy constancy gave a reality to the romantic imagining of his child.—She now loved Fitzallan with all the fervor of first excitement; she had known him under circumstances the most affecting when the energies and softer feelings of woman were alike called forth; when the proud and fearless soldier became dependent on her he had protected; laid on the bed of sickness, far from the affectionate hands that would have smoothed the tender eyes that would have wept over his pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed with unremitting care the solitude and weariness of a sick room; and when again able to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was the support of her too interesting patient. With Fitzallan the day of romance was over; a man above thirty cannot enter into the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl; flattered by the attachment which Isadore's every look betrayed, he trifled with her, regardless or thoughtless of the young and innocent heart that confided so fearlessly. Love has no power to look forward—the delicious consciousness of the present, a faint but delightful shadow of the past, from its eternity; the possibility of separation never entered the mind of his Spanish love, till Fitzallan's instant return to England became necessary.—They parted with all those gentle vows which are such sweet anchors for hope to rest on in absence—but alas, such frail ones! For a time her English lover wrote very regularly. That philosopher knew the human heart, who said, "I would separate from my mistress for the sake of writing to her." A word, a look, may be forgotten, but a letter is a lasting memorial of affection. The correspondence soon slackened on his part. Isadore tending the last moments of a beloved parent, had not one thought for self; but when that father's eyes were closed, and her tears had fallen in the grave of the companion of her infancy, the orphan looked round for comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the first time, her loneliness and the sickness of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expectation; fear, not for his safety, but his safety was he again laid on the bed of sickness, and Isadore tar away? She dwelt on this idea till it became a present reality; suspense was agony; at length she resolved on visiting England. She sailed, and after a quick voyage, reached the land; a wanderer seeking for happiness, which like the shadow thrown by the lily on the water, still eludes the grasp. It was not thus in the groves of Arragon, she looked forward to the British shore; it was then the promised home of a beloved and happy bride. The day after arrival in London, she drove to her agent's (for her father during the troubles in Spain, had secured some property in the English funds,) hoping from him to gain some intelligence of the colonel, passing through a very crowd-

ed street, her coach becoming entangled in the press, occasioned a short stoppage. Gazing round in that mood, when, anxious to escape the impressions within, the eye involuntarily seeks for others without, her attention became attracted to an elegant equipage. Could she be mistaken?—never, in that form—it was surely Fitzallan!—Well she remembered that graceful bend, that air of protection with which he supported his companion. The agitated Spaniard just caught a glimpse of her slight and delicate figure, of eyes blue as a spring sky, of a cheek tinged with the blush of Aurora at sunset; and ere her surprise allowed the power of movement, the carriage was out of sight. Her entreaties to be allowed to alight, being only attributed to fear, were answered by assurances that she was safe. Gradually becoming more composed, she bade the coachman inquire who lived in the house opposite—it was the name she longed to hear—Colonel Fitzallan. She returned home, and with a tremulous hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept his silence, and entreating him to come and say she was still his own Isadore. The evening passed drearily away; every step made the color flush her cheek; but he came not. Was he indisposably engaged? Had he not received her note? any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning, the same fervid anxiety oppressed her: at length she heard the door open, and, springing to the window, she caught the sight of a military man—she heard his step on the stairs—a gentleman entered, but it was not Fitzallan!—had so loved, so trusted, had wedded another—the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and unwilling to meet her himself, he had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence. Edward B*** gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scolding tears which forced their way through her long dark eye-lashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit which could thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows, could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence—he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was but mockery. They parted, the one to despair over the expired embers, the other to nurse the first sparks of hope. The next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or of the motive which actuated him, (for who seeks to analyze love's earliest sensations?) Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger. He found with her Colonel Fitzallan's solicitor: that gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man; for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reason for wishing his letters restored, originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart-beat became audible, as she hastily caught the letters, and threw them into the flames. "You have performed your mission," exclaimed she, "leave the room instantly." Her force was now exhausted, she sank back on the sofa. The tender assidues of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She told him of hopes blighted forever, of wounded affection; of the heart sickness which had paled her cheek, and worn to a shadow her once symmetrical form.—She had in her hand a few withered leaves. "It is," said she, "the image of my fate, this rose fell from my hair one evening, Fitzallan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside, it was faded, but to me it was precious from even that momentary caress; I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love; my part was the dead and scentless leaves."—Edward now became her constant companion; she found in him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied by throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look on her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. "Yes, I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm!" Edward gazed on her face, and read conviction; but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of a lover. Too soon she learnt his mission: he whom

she of love, which hopes even in despair, and amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grasps even at the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer sunset; the rich color of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west, the intense light of her soft but radiant black eyes, excited almost hope: could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful? For the first time she asked for her lute; hitherto, she had shrunk from the sound of music; Fitzallan had loved it; to her it was the knell of departed love. She waked a few wild and melancholy notes. "These sounds," sighed she, "are to me fraught with tender recollections; it is the vesper hymn of my own country." She mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet, it was like the song of a spirit as the concluding murmur died away. She sunk back exhausted. Edward for awhile supported her head on his shoulder, at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly pressed her lip—he started from their thrilling touch—it was his last kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms!

From the July number of the London Missionary Register.

APPALLING SCENES AT JUGGERNAUT.

Having been stationed about fifty miles from Juggernaut's Temple, and having, in connection with my brethren, established a Missionary Station about a mile from it, and been myself at Juggernaut at two or three great Annual Festivals, it seems proper for me to say something of the scenes which are exhibited; and to give you my own testimony, and that of my brethren, who, as well as myself, have been eye and ear witnesses to the abominations of that dreadful place. The Psalmist declares that their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another God; and nowhere on earth, perhaps, is this so fully exemplified as at Juggernaut.

At the last Annual Festival, from extreme indisposition, I was unable to be there only on the last day; but I will read to you a few particulars respecting it, given by my companions, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy. Mr. Lacy says—

This year the Jhatra commenced unusually early: in consequence of which, it may be presumed, the number of Jhatrees was unusually great; expecting, no doubt, to escape the rains. The gentleman who keeps the gaves, (a native of Norway, in the employ of our government,) and who, in consequence, will be allowed to be the best judge of numbers, told me that not less than 225,000 pilgrims entered the town. The greater part of this immense number were women; and, among these, many seemed poor and very old, being turned out by their inhuman children, they came to end a life of wretchedness near their favorite idol, from dying near which they had been taught to expect heaven.

This number of pilgrims raised a sum of money scarcely ever realized before—32,500l.

Thus, while the pilgrimage destroys thousands of lives, some reap considerable advantage. You would have felt your heart moved to hear, as I did, the Natives say—"Your preaching is a lie: for, if your Saviour and Religion be thus merciful, how do you then take away the money of the poor, and suffer them to starve?" I often had to do with objections like these: however, I endeavored as well as I could, to clear the character of Him who died for the poor and the sinner.

I think, from the number of the poor, that many must have perished without the gate; and also think so from the great number of bodies beyond.

A gentleman arrived at Cutlack, who addressed a letter to us, requesting our aid in the distribution of some money which he was authorized to give. We accepted the proposal: and Mr. Bampton and myself set out from Pooree, furnished with rupees, clothes, medicines, and books, and intended to spend two days on the road. We did so; but I cannot particularize what we saw—scenes the most distressing—dead, dying, and sick. They had crept into the villages, into the sheds, and under the trees, to avoid the rain; and thence many were never removed. The dead principally lay in the water, whence the materials for raising the road were taken: they were drifted by the wind to the next obstruction, where they lay in heaps of from eight to twenty together. For the first two days from Pooree, I counted about three hundred dead; and I must necessarily have overlooked many, having to observe both sides of the road. I saw one poor creature partly eaten, though alive: the crows had made an incision in the back, and were

pulling at this wound when I came up: the poor creature, feeling the torment, moved his hand and shoulders for a moment; the birds flew up; but immediately returned, and recommenced their meal.

Mrs. Lacy says—

On the first and second days we had some rain, and the three following days the rain descended without intermission; till the poor pilgrims were to be seen, in every direction, dead and in the agonies of death—lying by fives, tens, and twenties; and, in some parts, there were hundreds to be seen in one place. Mr. Lacy counted upwards of ninety; and, in another place, Mr. Bampton counted a hundred and forty: the former I saw myself, though I left it to Mr. Lacy to count them. I shall avoid seeing so degrading and shocking a scene again. In the Hospital, I believe, I have seen thirty dead at once, and numbers more in the agonies of death; and even the living using the dead bodies for pillows!

REFLECTIONS ON THE EPHEMERON.

This insect is named ephemeron, (i. e. half a day) because of the short duration of its life in the state of a fly. It is one of the most beautiful species of the small flies. It undergoes five transformations. First, the egg contains the principle of its life: Secondly, a caterpillar proceeds from the egg: Thirdly, this is transformed into a chrysalis; Fourthly, the chrysalis becomes a nymph: and Fifthly, this ends in a fly.—This fly lays her eggs on the water, where the heat of sun hatches them. A very small red worm comes out of each egg, which has a serpentine motion. They are found in abundance in ponds and marshes during the whole summer. But, as soon as the water begins to be cold, the worm makes itself a little sheath, in which it passes the winter. Towards the end of the winter it ceases to be a worm, and enters into its third state, that of a chrysalis. In this state it sleeps during the spring, and by degrees becomes a beautiful nymph, or a kind of mummy, something in the form of a fish. On the day appointed for its metamorphosis, it appears stupid and inactive: in about six hours the head makes its appearance, and rises by degrees above the surface of the water. Afterwards the body disengages itself slowly till at length the whole animal comes out of its sheath. The new-born fly falls on the water, and remains some minutes without motion. In a short time it begins to revive, and moves its wings feebly. Finally, it moves them quickly, and tries first to walk and then to fly. As these flies are all hatched nearly in the same moment, they are seen in swarms jumping and playing on the surface of the water for the space of two hours. The male and the female then seek each other, and unite for the space of two hours more. Then they begin again to skip and play, lay their eggs, and shortly after fall down and die. Thus they terminate their short life in about five or six hours, and never survive the day in which they were born!

Let the history of the life of these animals teach us how false the opinions are which we form of our lives in reference to eternity. Suppose that one of these flies had preserved its active and laborious life for twelve hours, and thus arrived at the most advanced age, relative to its companions, the greater part of which died at noon. If this very aged insect could speak, probably about sunset, a little before its death, it would thus address its assembled friends. "I now find that the longest life must end. The term of mine is arrived, and I regret it not: for old age is already become my burthen, and I can no longer discover any thing new under the sun. All that I have seen during the course of my long life has convinced me that there is nothing here certain or durable. A whole generation of our species has been destroyed by a violent tempest. The coolness of the air has carried off a great number of our sprightly youth. I have lived in the first ages of the world; I have conversed a great deal with insects, much more respectable, robust, and intelligent than any of the present generation. I can assure you that the sun, which appears now not far distant from the earth, I have seen in the midst of the sky. In those ancient times, its light was more vivid than it now is; and our ancestors were more sober and virtuous than we are. I have seen many things, I have had long experience, and I have outlived all my contemporaries. My life began precisely when that sun arose: during countless years it ran its majestic course in the heavens, and diffused the most intense heat every where; but now that it is on the decline, and is going to set, I

plainly foresee that the end of all things is at hand. O my friends, how much did I flatter myself that my life should be eternal. How beautiful were the cells which I formed for my abode! What hopes did I build on my good constitution, my vigor, agility, and the strength of my wings! But, after all, I have lived long enough, and none of those which I leave behind will ever run so long, and so delightful a course as mine."

Thus might an insect speak which has lived on the earth nearly twelve hours. But, might not a man, who has spent fourscore years in the world, use nearly the same language? Truly, the difference between fourscore years and twelve hours is nothing in reference to eternity. And in general, do we employ our fourscore years to a much bet-ter purpose than this ephemeron fly is stated to have employed its twelve hours?

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

Quacks in various walks in Life.

Quackery is generally applied to the medical profession; a quack is a physician, who practises without skill or judgment; but there are quacks in other professions. Every man may be considered a quack, who pretends to more merit than he possesses; who seeks more praise than he deserves.

A minister of religion, who represents his brethren, who are equal to himself, as materially defective in knowledge, literature, charity, and talents, is indubitably a quack. By depressing others he intends to be considered himself, as one eminently distinguished for genius, catholicism, and goodness. On the other hand, the moaning enthusiast, who traverses the country, telling strangers, without any just reason, how dear they are to his heart, how his eyes weep, and his heart bleeds on their account, is doubtless a quack. If he be really concerned for their welfare, let him "weep for them in secret places" without boasting of it. If he love them, let him prove it by his actions; if he be doing much for them, let them discover it by their own observation, or by experiencing the benefits. If he deserve much, let another praise him, and not his own lips.

A professor of religion, who makes mournful faces, who tells how much he has improved in grace by afflictions and other instructions, it may be presumed is a quack. He, that often proclaims how bad he was, and how good he is; how impious he once was, and how devout and godly he now is, may be suspected of a design to pass now for more than he is worth; he is a spiritual quack. Such also are those, who, while they overreach in their bargains, neglect the payment of just debts, and omit many duties of religion and humanity, are yet incessantly talking of ministers, and sermons, and orthodoxy, and faith.

A friend, who makes profession of entire devotion to your service, who often inquires, what he can do for your benefit, but never takes a step in your service, who inquires, what is necessary to your comfort, but never bestows a cent, though in many instances he must know your pressing wants, evidently designs to obtain credit for more than he performs, more applause than he actually deserves. He intends that professions shall be reckoned as genuine friendship, and empty words, as useful actions.

All these are quacks in different forms.

FRAGMENT.

Important concessions of Bolingbroke.

No religion, said that deistical nobleman, ever appeared in the world, whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind, as christianity. No system can be more simple and plain than that of natural religion, as it stands in the gospel. The system of religion which Christ published, and his evangelists recorded, is a complete system to all the purposes of religion, natural and revealed. Christianity, as it stands in the gospel, contains not only a complete, but a very plain system of religion. The gospel is, in all cases one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity.

Some of the Rabbinical writers tell us, that during the sojournment in Paradise, heaven sent down twelve baskets of Talk, and while Adam was eating three of them, Eve snatched up the other nine.

An Irish counsellor being questioned by a Judge, "o know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows:—"I am concerned, my Lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

LAWS OF MAINE.

[No. 6.]

AN ACT relating to Red Oak Hogshoed Shooks.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That all Shooks of Red Oak shall be made of staves, of at least forty-one inches in length; and not less than half an inch thick, on the thinnest edge, after it is worked, and sound and free from worm holes and rents, sufficient for a cask raised in a thirty inch hoop; with heads of good sound pine boards, not less than seven eighths of an inch thick, and not less than twenty-nine and one half inches in diameter, the materials to be well seasoned, and the shooks and heads to be made in a workman-like manner.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That in every town where shooks are headed, the Selectmen shall annually, or oftener if necessary, appoint one or more suitable persons, not exceeding three, in any one town, to be inspectors of shooks and heading, who shall severally be sworn to the faithful performance of their duty, and shall give bonds with sufficient securities in the sum of five hundred dollars, conditional for the true and faithful performance of his trust, to the Treasurer of the town where he is appointed; and the Selectmen shall be the judges of the sufficiency of the securities, and any person who shall sustain any injury by the malfeasance or neglect of any inspector, shall be entitled to a copy of such bond, and to bring an action thereon in the name of such Treasurer, or his successor in that office, to his own benefit, and judgment shall be rendered thereon, and execution issue, for such sum in damages as such person shall be entitled to recover, against such inspector and his securities, when action may be brought before any court of competent jurisdiction. It shall be the duty of the aforesaid inspectors to examine all shooks that may be offered for sale, in the towns where they are shipped, and shall brand all such shooks which shall be good and well made according to the provisions of this act, with the first letter of his christian name, and his surname at large, with the letters INS, and the name of the town for which he is appointed; and such inspector, in order fully to examine and satisfy himself of the quality of any shooks is authorized to remove the hoops, or binders, if he shall deem it necessary, but to be by him replaced, if found good and merchantable.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That if any person shall alter or erase the mark of any inspector, or not being duly authorized, shall mark or brand any shook with the name of any inspector, he or she shall forfeit and pay for each offence two dollars; and if any person shall put on board, or cause to be put on board any vessel, any shooks, which shall not have been inspected and marked, as is herein prescribed, with intention of shipping the same for foreign exportation, or coastwise, he or she shall forfeit and pay for every shook so shipped, one dollar. And in all cases where vessels are obliged by law to be cleared at the Custom House, having any shooks and heading on board, it shall be the duty of the master or owner thereof to produce to the Collector a certificate from the inspector that such shooks and heading have been inspected and marked according to law.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted, That the fees to be paid to the inspectors, shall be three and one half cents for each shook, and half of one cent heads for the same, on his producing a certificate of such inspection, to be paid by the purchaser.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, That all fines and forfeitures accruing under this act may be recovered to the use of any person who shall sue therefor, in an action of debt, before any Court proper to try the same.

Sec. 6. Be it further enacted, That the provisions of all former Acts, heretofore passed, so far as the same are repugnant to, or inconsistent with this Act, be, and the same are hereby repealed from and after the first day of September next, at which time this act shall take effect, and be in force.

[Approved by the Governor, Jan. 30, 1828.]

[No. 7.]

AN ACT additional to an act enabling the owners of Meeting-Houses to manage the same.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That any number of individuals, shall have power to incorporate themselves, for the purpose of erecting a Meeting House, in the same manner and with the same effect, as parishes may, by law, incorporate themselves; and may choose officers, and as a body politic, do all things, for the purpose aforesaid, which a parish or religious society may do, in exercise of the authority in them by law vested.

[Approved by the Governor, Jan. 31, 1828.]

[No. 8.]

AN ACT additional to the several Acts now in force relating to the Inspection of Butter and Lard.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That, whenever any person or persons shall ship for exportation out of this State, any Butter or Lard, for the purpose of transporting the same to any other of the United States east of the State of New-York, the same shall be exempt from inspection, as well as all other regulations now provided for by law concerning Butter and Lard.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That whenever the master of the vessel, having on board any butter or lard not inspected, or the shipper, or owner of such butter or lard shall have any complaint in writing before any magistrate of this State, that the same has been supplied for the purpose of being transported as aforesaid, and not elsewhere, until action is taken in some port or place in the United States east of the State of New-York, and shall deliver such complaint to the inspector of butter and lard, or his deputy, who thereupon, shall certify by either of them, such butter or lard had been presumed to be shipped for the purpose of being transported, as aforesaid, and in case of neglect or refusal to deliver such certificate when requested as aforesaid, such butter or lard shall be presumed and intended to have been shipped for the purpose of being transported elsewhere, other than as aforesaid, and no damages shall be recovered for the taking and detaining of such butter or lard by the inspector or his deputy, or by process on information, until after such certificate is made and offered to the detainer thereof.

[Approved by the Governor, Jan. 31, 1828.]

[No. 9.]

AN additional ACT to provide for the packing and inspection of Pickled and Smoked Fish.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That, from and after the passing of this act, it shall be the duty of the several inspectors of fish in this State to brand Shad barrels as specified in the fourth section of an act passed the twenty-second day of March, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, as follows, viz. those of the best quality, caught in the right season, to be most approved, and free from damage, having their tails cut off and back bones out, shall be branded "Cargo Mess;" those which remain after the best have been selected, being sweet and free from taint, rust or damage, with their back bones in, and tails on, shall be branded "Cargo No. 1;" and there shall be a third quality, which shall consist of the thinnest and poorest of those that are sweet and wholesome, which shall be branded "Cargo No. 2;" any thing contained in any act to which this is additional, to the contrary notwithstanding.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 2, 1828.]

CONGRESSIONAL.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, Feb. 25.

Mr. Parris, from the committee on Finance, reported a bill for the relief of Payson Perrin; which was ordered to a second reading.

Mr. Chandler presented the petition of sundry inhabitants of the N. Western section of the State of Maine praying for a post route to the town of Belfast. Referred to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Mr. McKim presented the petition of sundry inhabitants of Franklin county, Alabama, praying for an appropriation for constructing a road from Zanesville in Ohio, to New-Orleans. Referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

On motion of Mr. Berrien, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to establish a Southern Judicial District for the Territory of Florida.

The establishment of the Court contemplated by this bill, said Mr. B. was important to the interests of the citizens of the northern and eastern sea ports, who traded to New-Orleans and the island of Cuba. The losses of the City of New York alone in property annually wrecked there, would furnish sufficient inducements for the passage of the bill.—If no opposition to the bill were made, Mr. B. would not deem it necessary to enter into any further explanation. He would move to fill the blank (salary of the Judge) with the sum of \$3,000. Considering the unhealthiness of the place, the necessity there was that the Judge should always be on the spot, and the laborious duties to be performed, \$3,000 dollars was not deemed too high a salary to engage the services of a competent officer.

Mr. Parris remarked, that \$3,000 was a higher salary than was given to any District Judge or any of the U. S. with the exception of Louisiana. If the Court were to be established, to be sure it was necessary to engage the services of a gentleman of the highest talents and legal acquirements. He was not acquainted with the distances of the Judicial Districts already established in Florida from Key West.—But he knew that the population of the place did not exceed 350 souls, and he thought it an anomaly to establish a court with all its machinery of marshal, clerks, &c. for so small a population. With respect to the faithful collection of the revenue, there was, he said, a collector at that place, and if he were a man of integrity and competent abilities, it was not necessary to have a court at his elbow.

Mr. Chandler observed that with regard to what had been said of the unhealthiness of the place, he had been informed by a gentleman there, well acquainted with the country, that Key West, since the ponds had been drained had been remarkably healthy—that at this time there was not a man sick there. Mr. Chandler thought a salary of 1500 amply sufficient for the salary of a Judge.

The question was finally taken on filling the blank with \$2000, and it was decided in the affirmative.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MONDAY, Feb. 25.

Mr. Sprague, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill for the relief of W. J. Quincy and others; which was twice read and committed.

Mr. Buckner, from the Committee of Private Land Claims, reported a bill to authorize the Claims of Land in Florida to bring suit in the U. S. Courts, which was twice read and committed.

Mr. Kerr, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill for the relief of Anthony Harmonist; which was twice read and committed.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill for the relief of Robert L. Kennedy; which was twice read and committed.

Mr. Duffie, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill to abolish the U. S. Agency on the coast of Africa, and to provide other means to carry into effect the laws prohibiting the slave trade; also a bill to relinquish the duties upon certain imports for the use of Kenyon College, in the State of Ohio; both of which were twice read and committed.

Greek Relief.—Goods to the amount of \$1,500 were contributed in a part of Pearl-street, N. Y. on the 26th ult. for the relief of the Greeks. At the Ladies' Greek Relief, Dr. John Stearns, president, and J. Steele was Secretary.

SELECTED SUMMARY.

FUNERAL OF GEN. BROWN.—The funeral of Major General Jacob Brown, Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States, who died in Washington on the 24th ult. after a brief illness of three or four days, was solemnized on Wednesday last. In consequence of the occupation of the people of Washington, on the mournful occasion, no papers were issued on Thursday, and we are indebted to a correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser for an account of the solemn services.—A Trav.

"The procession was formed near the President's Square, and moved slowly, to the mournful measure of the dead march, to the Congressional Burial-place, eastward of the Capitol, and a mile distant from it. The civil procession embraced the President, Heads of Department, Justices of the Supreme Court, Foreign Ministers, Officers and Members of the two Houses of Congress, &c.;—the whole forming a line more than a mile in length. The General's horse—the same which bore him on the plains of Chippewa—led before the hearse, formed an interesting object in the procession. The veteran charger, at the sight of military array, and the sound of drum and bugle, exhibited, for a moment, the fire and spirit of the warrior steed; but, as if reminded that his days of effort and of glory had ended with those of his master, he soon adopted the slow and reluctant pace of age and infirmity. On reaching the place of Burial, those who were in carriages and on horseback alighted, and were escorted into the space within the walls. The wind whistled mournfully among the dark clouds, and some rain was falling. The devout prayer, the heavy fall of the clogs; the sharp and repeated volley, and the distant minute gun were heard, in quick succession, and completed the ceremonies. The remains of the Commander were mingled, dust unto dust, with those of some of the most illustrious American statesmen. He lies side by side, with Clinton and Tracy, Burrill and Pinkney. Gallantry is properly associated, in the active life of the dead, as well as in the abode of the dead, and eloquence."

The following extract of a letter with which we have been politely favored, furnishes the particulars of the melancholy disaster which befel the supercargo and part of the crew of the ship Star, on her passage from Philadelphia to Valparaiso:—

VALPARAISO, Nov. 12, 1827.

The ship Star, of Philadelphia, arrived here yesterday, and gave a melancholy account of the loss of one of her boats, containing the supercargo, second mate, and four men, at Staten Island, near the extremity of Cape Horn. The captain of the Star stated that he had put in there for the purpose of stopping a leak, in the bows of his ship, and whilst the carpenter was engaged in doing so, he sent the boat on shore with one cask, for water. The boat returned in safety, and the next day, he sent the boat again, when the supercargo having expressed a wish to that effect, joined the party. Soon after the boat left the ship, the wind sprung up from off the land, and the captain seeing that it increased, made a signal for the boat to return. The people in the boat were endeavoring to return, but the wind blew so hard that the captain was obliged to slip his cable, and stand off and on, under double reefed topsails, and leave them to the mercy of the waves. The wind blowing against a strong current, raised a heavy sea, and the captain says that from the mizen rigging, with his glass, he could see the spray flying over the boat, and filling her with water. Night now coming on, he lost sight of them, alas! forever! On the following morning, he stood close in for the point, which he supposed the boat was trying to make, and went into all the harbors and made signals—but he could not see the least sign of any living creature on the island. Finding it in vain to remain any longer near the scene of this melancholy disaster, with only five boys, a cook and steward, he bore away for the boisterous region of Cape Horn, and arrived yesterday without further accident.

Bull. Daily Adv.

COMMUNICATION.

To the publishers of Papers and Periodicals throughout the United States.

It is intended before, or certainly by the 1st of May next, in a Pamphlet with other statistical matters, to notice all the Newspapers and Periodicals in the U. States, and the City or Towns where published, by whom, and the conditions of publication, &c. A copy containing the above shall be faithfully forwarded to each of you, who will insert this notice once, and forward a paper or a copy of the work you publish to Philadelphia, directed to "THE TRAVELLER."

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1828.

Brazilian Tea.—At a meeting of the London Medico-Botanical Society, held in December last, a specimen of tea, cultivated in Rio de Janeiro, was presented to the Brazilian Ambassador, and attracted much notice from its novelty. It was stated to be the produce of the Emperor's gardens; and on being tasted by

some of the members, was pronounced to be equal to the finest English tea.

Starvation.—By the late English papers, an instance of positive death by starvation and exposure in the public street, was exhibited from the examination before a coroner's jury, of an unfortunate man, whom the parish officers had refused to supply with the necessary assistance to prevent death.

The last Charlottesville Advocate states, that there is in press at that office, "A Memoir, by James Munroe, of his unsettled claims upon the government and people of the U. States." The Advocate remarks, "in it a condensed view of the author's two missions to Europe will be exhibited, and the causes of his present embarrassments are explained."

The steamboat Robert Burns, bound from Red River to New-Orleans, with 400 bales of cotton on board, accidentally took fire on the 7th ult. at noon, about 40 miles above New-Orleans. So rapid was the progress of the flames, that the passengers had hardly time to save their persons and baggage.

An English manufacturer, who has visited the United States and France, says the Americans manufacture printed cotton 20 per cent. cheaper than the French, but the French have the best colors.

The name of South Brimfield, Mass. in Hampden county, has been changed to Wales. Several papers have printed it *Walls* by mistake.

The New-York Christian Advocate notices a negro, of the methodist denomination, who has been a preacher 39 years. He used to walk 18 miles in a day, and preach three times; and would sometimes wade to his neck through streams of water. "He had taught his dog to swim rivers and brooks, and carry his hymn book and bible across in his mouth, without getting them wet."

An elegant Court House which was building at Newbury, Bucks county, Georgia, and was nearly completed, accidentally caught fire and was entirely destroyed on the night of the 1st inst.

A lady in Nantucket came near losing her life, a few days since, by her clothes catching on fire while she was standing before a stove. Several of her young children, who were in the room at the time, immediately gave the alarm, which brought to her relief a son, aged about 16, who, with admirable presence of mind, immediately enveloped her in a carpet, which smothered the flames, and thus preserved her life.

THE NORTH-EASTERN BOUNDARY.

IMPORTANT.

Extracts from a communication received by the last mail from Houlton, to a person in Portland, dated

"HOULTON PLANTATION, Feb. 16.

"DEAR SIR—Your letter under date of the 2d inst. came safe to hand this morning.

"I will solicit your attention for a few moments to John Baker, our much persecuted citizen. He made his appearance in this settlement a few hours after I received your letter. He informs me, that the Supreme Court commenced its session on the first Tuesday of the present month, and that his trial came on the Thursday following. Previous to his being brought before the Court, he had been presented and indicted before the Grand Jury, on two charges, namely, first for hoisting at Madawaska the American colors, and refusing to pull them down when requested. The second is for opposing a British officer acting in his official capacity as constable. Six other Americans are also included with him in this indictment. When he was arraigned before the court, the above charges were read to him, in addition to those on which he was first arrested, and on being asked whether guilty or not guilty, he declined answering to the questions in chief, but followed to the court, in substance as follows: That he was a citizen of the State of Maine; that the offences said to have been committed, were committed within the limits of said State, or offences committed therein, he considered that that honorable court had no legal right of jurisdiction. The Court insisted upon his giving a direct and positive answer to the question, or they should consider him guilty. Mr. Baker observed to the Court, if there was no other alternative, he should say he was not guilty, denying their right of jurisdiction. As he was indicted upon two new charges which were styled Treason, the nature of which, or the punishment that might be annexed to the offence, he did not know or understand, and being without counsel, he thought proper to ask for a continuance to the next court, which was granted, and which will be on the first Tuesday of May next. The Court proposed to him to get bail, which he accordingly did. He is laid under four hundred pounds bonds."

"Eight Americans, living at Madawaska, were indicted at the last court, and eleven or more lying on the Aroostook. Next Monday, Esq. Morehouse, with the posse comitatus, is going up the Aroostook to take all who were concerned in the affray about Arnold's cow, and carry them to Frederick's jail. Those living at Madawaska will doubtless be sent for soon."

"Yesterday, Mr. Thomas Beckwith, a settler on the Aroostook, arrived in this settlement. He fled here for protection. He says we may look for one or two more in the course of one or two days through the wilderness from the Aroostook. Shall our citizens be hunted like the savage beasts of prey? Will our government look tamely on, and see our fair possessions wrested from us, and our citizens thus abused?"

"Feb. 20. "I have written for the arrival of the Aroostook settlers. They will be here soon, or they will be taken. "I remain, &c."

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1828.

A letter from Washington, to the Editor of the Massachusetts Journal of the 22d ult. speaks in confident terms of the reelection of Mr. Adams. Although the opposition affect an appearance of confidence, still every day adds fresh proof of their decreasing strength, and ultimate failure. Among other circumstances the letter mentions the reception of a letter by Mr. Clay, from Mr. Crawford, respecting the much talked of corruption by which Mr. Adams' votes of several States for Mr. Adams. The sentiments said to have been advanced by Mr. Crawford are such as would have anticipated from the magnanimity of his character. The following paragraph relates to the letter:

"One of the on dits of the day is that Mr. Crawford has, without solicitation, or apparent cause, written a letter to Mr. Clay, which he expresses his entire approbation of the vote which Mr. Adams gave to Mr. Adams, stating that, in a similar situation, he should himself have taken precisely the same course. It is further said, that Mr. Crawford indignantly repels the idea of anything like corruption or intrigue between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams, which he refers to the true source, the fact of Mr. Clay's having accepted the situation he now fills. This is a testimony in favor of the Administration, which is of great value, and which, if Mr. Clay should allow it to be published, must have a great effect throughout the whole country. I hope there are no reasons which will prevent this letter from being given to the world."

Mr. Crawford has also written a letter to a gentleman in this State, in which he declares explicitly, that he has no thought whatever, that there was any bargain, intrigue or corruption, between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams; but on the contrary, he believes that every movement of those two gentlemen, was perfectly honest and fair, and had been given in Mr. Clay's situation, he should have given his vote for Mr. Adams. Of this there is no deception; we state the above as good authority, and are ready to vouch for its correctness.

GENERAL JACKSON.

It has been stated in the New Hampshire Patriot, edited Mr. Hill, that a thousand hills were covered with speculators at the time General Jackson entered New-Orleans. Now we have been told that New-Orleans is situated in a plain or flat country—But this is Mr. Hill's story; the printer to the people; he must certainly think the people great fools, to suppose that they did not know enough about the geography of their own country, to know that he was incorrect. But this is but one of the many artifices resorted to, by the Jackson folks, in order to carry their point; and as their cause loses ground, they are more industrious in inventing and circulating falsehoods. But it will not do; it will not answer any valuable purpose to them, or to the cause of Gen. Jackson—himself, we presume, does not expect to be chosen President of the United States. If he does so expect, we have no manner of doubt he with others will find themselves mistaken. The good sense of the Representatives of the United States will never suffer such a headstrong aristocrat, to be President. And we have good authority for saying that his cause is fast losing ground in the South and Western States; in proof of this assertion, look at the sorry appearance at New-Orleans, that place, where, if at any place, we might have reason to suppose, that he would have been received with enthusiasm. But no—it was not the case—and even his friends, were disappointed in the man—he had not the talents competent, to make a reply when an address was delivered to him, and in one case, left the committee so dejected, and run into the house, much disconcerted, in appearance, at least.

Of this we have no doubt, as we have ever understood that his information even on general topics is quite limited; and if it was not so, his friends would be ready to exhibit some specimens of his abilities, as a scholar or Statesman. But it is said that they are unwilling to expose even some of his letters to public view—we mean those that he has written himself, without assistance; but however has found its way to the public eye in Washington City, and excites a great curiosity in the public. Its orthography is miserable—its orthography worse; and as for punctuation, one would suppose that it was written before steps or pauses came into use. We hope that the letter will be given into the hands of some good artist, and fac simile published.

Since writing the above, we have seen a copy of the letter alluded to, and we give it below, that our readers may see the scholarship at least of the immediate Gen. Jackson.

To the Editors of the Washington Journal. When the midnight assassins plunge

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